THE PACIFIC

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SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler on a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heat of noon to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon light, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watchfire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ, O fount, O word of love, O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A special representative of the British Congregationalist at the International Congregational Council writes concerning the Rev. Charles R. Brown: "Eschewing notes, and speaking also from a radical standpoint, he addressed us with an American directness of language that was almost startling. It was interesting to hear him translating the results of the academy into the vocabulary of the forum. He seems to have mastered the best theology can teach him, and yet to have deliberately avoided its terminology. Surely that way lies wisdom. In any case Dr. Brown made a particularly good impression."

The Pacific Methodist Advocate contained an item recently with the caption, "Passes Through the Golden Gate." It was a mention of the sailing of Bishop Ward on a trip among the missions of the Southern Methodist Church in China, Japan and Korea. The printers, in making up the paper, put the item under the larger caption of "Our Dead." This recalls to mind a California church news item in The Advance a few weeks ago from a place called Pauper Grove. Our Pacific Grove friends should get after The Advance compositors and proof readers with a club. Prosperous Pacific Grove is far from Pauper Grove. Bishop Ward, who is very much alive, on his return may feel like having the printers haled before the courts for an attempt to hasten his departure from this terrestrial sphere.

In its report of the International Congregational Council the British Congregationalist speaks of the part taken by the Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve of San Francisco in the closing exercises: "Two of the foreign delegates voiced the thanks of the Council for the hospitality they had received during the meeting in Edinburgh. Dr. Meserve of San Francisco, in a carefully prepared address, mentioned the names of those who had borne the burden of the work of organization, and also referred to the services of Sir Albert Spicer, Bart., M. P., as president of the Council, and the gracious reception accorded the Council by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. 'To our generous hosts in the homes of Edinburgh,' he remarked, 'we extend our thanks. They have opened their hands and hearts to us in such hearty and kindly fashion, showing us their city and their social and family life in such a delightful way, that of all the rich treasures of memory we are to carry away with us this will be almost the chief. We will always remember most happily the expression of courtesy and affection extended to us in the name of the family of God.' After referring to the services of the press Dr. Meserve closed by an expression of thankfulness 'for giving us upon this mount of vision to see the sure gathering of those spiritual forces, which, working through living men, will surely overrun the world and bring it into subjection to Him.' "

Writing in the Pacific Christian concerning the recent commencement exercises at Pomona College, the Rev. Grant K. Lewis, Secretary of Missions for the Church of the Disciples (or "Christian") in Southern California, says: "This is the school which most generously opened wide its gates to the fellowship of the Disciples some two years since. This experiment is proving a most happy experience to both parties. As acquaintance with the men, life and atmosphere of this splendid Christian college develops, the Disciples are gradually awakening to the fact that they have a vital connection with the best college on the coast, a real voice and vote in the management of an educational equipment represented by a plant worth $250,000 and an endowment of $350,000, a faculty of forty professors and instructors and an attendance of 300 students in collegiate courses. At the commencement exercises we were happy to note the attendance of as many preachers from among the Disciples as those of the Congregational body. This year the graduating class numbered forty-eight young men and women; twenty-two of them received the degree of bachelor of science, eight the degree of bachelor of arts, and eighteen the degree of bachelor of letters. The sight of these young people receiving, at the hands of President Geo. A. Gates, their sheepskins—tokens of their worth—was most impressive and elicited the expression of great admiration from the large audience present. The high quality of the work done by the institution was evidenced in the thoughtful addresses delivered by the graduates." Mr. Lewis states that the Disciples have five persons on the board of directors, and says further: "The greatest educational need among all Christian churches of Southern California is to realize this day of their opportunity. We need to know Pomona College for our own good. A knowledge of the educational opportunities and advantages here afforded will be followed by an interest that will wed 'our people' completely to this educational enterprise. It is another case of 'Information, Inspiration, Realization.' " The Pacific is pleased to learn from this leading and reliable source that this combination educational arrangement is proving so satisfactory to the brethren of this sister denomination.

In an article on the Educational Institutions of the Pacific Northwest, the Portland Oregonian says, concerning Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon: "Pacific University, located at Forest Grove, is one of the historical institutions of the Pacific Coast, having been founded in 1848 by pioneer educators whose names are well known to all old residents of Oregon. For many years the school had to face innumerable hardships, but is now one of the most successful institutions in Oregon and is doing excellent work. Throughout its entire career, Pacific has been known for the thoroughness of its courses and its students and graduates are fully accredited by all of the large Eastern schools. Although the enrollment is comparatively not large, the fine record of the school has given it standing much higher than that based simply on attendance. Forest Grove is only 26 miles from Portland and frequent train service makes it very convenient to this city. An electric line is now under construction and it is expected that on its completion the number of Portland students attending Pacific will be largely increased. The campus at Pacific is one of the most beautiful in the state. The institution has a library of 14,000

volumes, a productive endowment of $215,000, and several large and modern buildings. A large brick boarding hall for young women was recently erected at a cost of nearly $50,000, and plans are now being made to build a modern gymnasium." The educational institution here mentioned is one of the three on the coast that are under Congregational direction—Whitman at Walla Walla, Pomona, at Claremont and Pacific at Forest Grove. The Citizens of Walla Walla subscribed recently $120,000 toward an additional endowment for Whitman. Three new buildings will be dedicated soon at Pomona, and its endowment is climbing up rapidly toward a half million.

Several times during recent years the newspapers have announced that some of the extinct volcanoes in our Pacific Northwest were in a state of eruption. Announcement was made to this effect about ten days ago concerning Mt. Baker in the state of Washington. The statements of mountain-climbers who so declared have not, we believe, been verified. Nor, so far as we know, has there been anything to discredit them. It may accordingly turn out that Puget Sound will have a genuine volcanic marvel on exhibition by the time the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition shall have opened up next year in Seattle. It would be characteristic of the Seattle spirit. But it is not at all certain that Portland may not lead off as to volcanic exhibitions. We quote now from the Springfield Republican: It has been asked more than once of late whether Mt. Hood is really extinct. In the National Geographical magazine for July A. H. Sylvester of the United States geological survey goes further and raises the question, "Is our noblest volcano awakening to new life?" It means much to Portland, which lies but 50 miles to the west, and would find things in the event of an eruption, mighty interesting, even if the city itself was not actually endangered. The author had long been interested in this mountain, and took much pleasure in his assignment, in the spring of 1907, to the work of mapping the Mt. Hood special quadrangle. This mountain, to summarize the latest results of the survey, lies in north latitude 45 degrees, 22 minutes, 26.74 seconds, and west longitude 121 degrees, 41 minutes, 42.81 seconds. It is on the coast of the Cascade range and about 20 miles south of the Columbia river. Mr. Sylvester verified the height as 11,225 feet. Timber grows to an altitude of 6,500 feet. In shape the mountain is an almost perfect volcanic cone, rising about 7,000 feet above the surrounding country, and visible far out at sea. Its symmetry and isolation, therefore, give it a beauty such as few mountains in this or any other country can boast. From its form and structure it seems to have been built up entirely of lava ejected from a single central crater, and there is no evidence that it was ever much higher than it is now. Geologists believe that it became extinct before reaching the stage of ejectment of the more basic basalts which Shasta and Adams poured out in more recent times, but Mr. Sylvester calls attention to a large lava flow about ten miles to the northeast of the crater, which seems to be more recent. Except for this and a fissure flow which dams Bull Run lake, the mountain has clearly not been in eruption for untold centuries. But now for the suspicious facts. In 1882 Prof. Russell, in a book on American volcanoes, gave a picture of a fumarole on the south slope, and apparently just east of Crater rock. Apparently since then it has disappeared; later visitors do not mention it. Ever since the mountain was known steam has been escaping from certain places, but chiefly from Crater rock, together with gas, generally hydrogen sulphide. But in the last three years things have been "warming up," says the author; the fumarole mentioned by Prof. Russell has so developed that it has cut the White river glacier in two, exposing its bed for 150 feet. On Crater rock Mr. Sylvester found steam escaping from numerous fissures, and in many places the rock is too hot to touch with the hand. On August 28, 1907, numerous witnesses saw a "cloud of smoke, probably dense steam, rising from Crater rock, high above the skyline of the summit of the mountain." This persisted throughout the day, and at night there was a glow "like a chimney burning out." Sudden floods the next day were inexplicable except on the theory that the glacier had melted rapidly from volcanic heat. As an interesting coincidence it is noted that at the same time there were throes in the Bogaslof group off the Alaskan coast. No further signs has been noted, and it is very possible that these faint activities mean merely a last flicker of life in an expiring volcano. It is, at any rate, abundantly intersting that Mt. Hood, as Mr. Sylvester says, "must be taken from the list of extinct volcanoes and placed at least among the doubtful."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Three years ago there were 10,000 Chinese students in Tokio. Now there are 4,300.

A short time before the Denver convention President Roosevelt said that he regarded Mr. Bryan as the strongest man for the Democrats to nominate.

The new Y. M. C. A. building in Philadelphia cost with the lot and furnishings $1,030,000. The lot cost $300,000. The money that is going into the Y. M. C. A. buildings is going where it will do great good.

Certain parts of the city of New York have so many tall buildings that in event of their occupants rushing out of an earthquake or some other great calamity the adjacent streets would be filled several times deep, and great loss of life would ensue.

The United States has double the railway mileage that it had in 1882. The capital stock has increased from $3,478,-914,224 to $7,458,126,785; and the bonded debt from $3,-214,084,323 to $8,228,245,257. At the beginning of 1908 the number of miles of road was 228,128.

The union movement between Baptists and Disciples was started a few months ago in Western Canada. Already churches have united in more than a dozen places. A correspondent of the Christian Evangelist writes: "There is nothing unnatural or forced about this union movement. It is not an effort to mix oil and water. It is not an attempt to join things which, like sand, will not cohere. Rather, it is the removal of the restraints of former misunderstandings, and giving love permission to do her perfect work. Eeasily and naturally as two streams approach and form one mightier one, so approach and coalesce these peoples in Western Canada."

The Watchman, a Baptist paper published in Boston, has the following good hit on the proposition for Methodist church union: "The Methodist Episcopal Conference seems to have another case of Mike. Says Mike to Biddy, when he heard she was engaged to somebody else, 'Would you marry me if I askt ye?' Says Biddy, 'Do you want me Mike?' Says Mike, 'Not unless I can't get ye.' The Methodist Episcopal Church paid no court to the Methodist Protestant Church until it seemed likely that somebody else

would get her. Then love burned. And the coy Methodist Protestant maiden discovered suddenly that she loved the Methodist lover better than she loved the one with he strange name, to whom she had almost yielded her hand."

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, has offered to furnish phonograph records of his sermons to any church that may care to use them. He is quoted as saying: "A pastor who wishes to take a vacation during the extreme heated spell of July and August can regale his congregation with these sermons, and I'll guarantee they will be interesting." The Springfield Republican calls them "canned sermons," and remarks: "Certainly the innovation is interesting. The up-to-date 20th century church equipped with canned sermons and canned music will only need to lay in some praying machines fitted with electric motors to reach a state of automatic perfection. But have the preachers fully considered the consequences which might follow this innovation they have so light-heartedly taken up? It is all very well to have an automatic substitute through the hot months. But suppose the machine to prove more eloquent than the man? Why should a church pay $3,000 a year for excellent but wooden sermons when it can listen to the great public orators for a trifling sum? We may yet see the preaching for the whole country done by a half-dozen silver-tongued speakers, constituting the canned-sermon trust, and undertaking to supply any brand of doctrine that may be called for, with a side line in funeral and wedding services. Any deacon can turn the handle, and the line of goods can be exchanged if not satisfactory, which is not always the case with viva voce sermons."

Bridge builders and contractors for buildings which are intended to carry variable loads will find much of interest in a unique machine designed by the government to help them to answer the question which comes up very often,—How is the strength of the wood affected by repeated shocks? At the present time no satisfactory answer can be given. To fill the need for information on this important subject a special form of impact machine has been designed by the United States Forest Service to investigate the behavior of wood under repetitive loading, and it is to be built by the University of Washington, at Seattle, Wash., and is to form a part of the Forest Service timber testing station operated in co-operation with the university. This machine will be provided with a 1,500-pound hammer, which can be dropped upon the wood specimens under test from any height up to three feet. It is so constructed as to be both automatic and autographic. The record showing the behavior of the specimen under test is drawn on a long sheet of paper which constantly unwinds from one cylinder, and rolls up on another. This record is drawn by means of a pencil attached to the hammer of the machine. When the machine is started the hammer is automatically raised to a height previously determined, when it falls on the specimen, and continues to be automatically raised and dropped until the machine is stopped.

According to the views of the Department of Agriculture experts if a medicine is advertised to accomplish certain results it must do so or the owners thereof violate the law. Acting on an order to this effect a seizure was made in Washington recently in one of the largest department stores. The goods seized are branded "Excelsior Skin Food," "Fertilizer Tablets," "Excelsior Hair Tonic, the Great Hair Grower," "Excelsior Complexion Bleach," "Blush of Youth," etc. It is charged that he articles are misbranded in violation of the pure food act and are liable to condemnation and confiscation, for the reason that the packages and labels bear certain statements regarding the drugs which are false and misleading—that is to say, that the said "fertilizr tablets" are "a specific for curing flatulency and all gastric troubles" and are "a cure for obesity." "And said last-mentioned statements," continues the charge, "are false and misleading in this, that the said last-mentioned drug is not a specific for curing flatulency and gastric troubles and is not a cure for obesity." "The Blush of Youth" preparation is declared misbranded, in that it does not restore the complexion to childlike purity, and the "Excelsior Skin Food" is declared not to be a food for the skin, and both are therefore misbranded in violation of the pure food act. The mixtures seized are known as the "Madame Yale" preparations. The Department of Agriculture intends to make a test case of the seizure.

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D. D.

IV.

I have been on an excursion. Further, it was a Congregational excursion. The Men's Club of Plymouth Church chartered the good steamer Yosemite for the trip to Olympia, the capital, and back; and on Wednesday, July 15, at 9:30 a. m., we started. That is, seven hundred of us did, including those we picked up at Tacoma. Had it been an alluring day, double that number would have taken advantage of the cheap fare and shown up our denominational forces in great shape. But as it was a lowering, then a drizzly, then a real rainy day, even before we cast off the lines, only seven hundred people possessed sufficient esprit de corps and reliable constitutions, to venture on a twelve hours' sail on Puget Sound! I wonder if so many people anywhere on earth could be persuaded on such a day to patronize a church excursion. So much for residing in a moist climate, where rain is the expression of the choicest blessings, both temporal and spiritual. Now, rain, though never so active as from November till May, and lively enough to satisfy the strenuous Seattle spirit during June, is supposed to take a vacation from its arduous occupation at the time other folks do, namely in July and August surely, and sometimes throughout September. When ardent Seattleites are orating to Eastern people, they always omit July, August, September, and generally October from the rainy months. Sometimes they wink one eye as they near the end of the statement. But July they are confident of. Imagine the chagrin of the excursionists, then, when they woke up on that special Wednesday morning.

Most of the crowd took the disappointment good-naturedly. But there were some growlers—mostly newcomers. They snapped at the weather clerk known by the earthly name of Salisbury. They devoted the whole Sound country to the infernal gods. They were so very unpleasant and tried so to make everyone else feel unpleasant—far more unpleasant than the weather—that I got to moralizing, and this is the result:

When the skies are dull and gray,
Then look bright;
When the sun forsakes the day,
And the night
Throws its pall o'er land and sea,

Till the hills like spectres be,
And the stars are lost to thee,
Then be bright.

When the burdens heavy lie,
Then look up;
When fond expectations die,
And your cup,
Filled with sorrow to the brim,
Presses to your lips its rim,
Quaff the chalice, though so grim,
And look up.

When earth's boasted friendships fail,
Try to smile;
When foul scandal haunts your trail,
Then beguile
Every rising fear with hope;
Never whimper; never mope;
Let the ill-matched pair elope,—
Often smile.

When the ills of life alarm,
O, then sing;
They'll not do you any harm,
If you bring
All your faith and love to bear
On the things that fret and scare,—
And you'll step as light as air,
As you sing.

When the bitter hours come,
Just keep sweet;
It will test your spirit some;
Plant your feet
On some vine-clad rock, and wait
Till the struggle's done; elate,
You will enter victory's gate,
Hence keep sweet.

Banish every downcast look;
Be a man!
Cowardice ne'er undertook,
By its plan,
One true victory to gain,
One achievement to attain,
One advance, by hand or brain;
Be a man!

Making the Best of Things.

The rain drove us indoors for the most of the trip, hence increased our sociability. It was delightful renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. I had hoped to meet some of the newer brethren added to our efficient ministerial force since my day. I was only partially successful. Some of the older ones were absent, too. Dr. Van Horn had started the day before on his southern trip. Dr. Strong, lately come to the Queen Anne church, did not show up. Mr. Scudder, our genial Home Missionary Superintendent, was smiling serenely on some other scene. Mr. Fremayne Dunstan, late of Australia, probably took the time for winter, as it would be in his erstwhile home, and sat over his open grate in dressing gown and slippers. Mr. Mason had probably great plans relative to his new church building, and, like Nehemiah, could not come down. We missed, also, Mr. Freeland, our golden western link between pastorates. But Drs. Greene and Kantner, and Messrs. Weage, Frost, Osgood, Gale, your regular correspondent Clark, and Henley, Fowler and Dr. Ford of Tacoma, and D. S. Johnson of both places, who looks like a minister, if he is only a music man, graced the occasion. Also Dr. W. A. Waterman, the peripatetic supply of the Middle West, and others whose names have escaped me, helped to make the very best of an aggravating disappointment. The luncheon was of the basket order, and was enjoyed in real picnic style. My! but these Congergationalists do know how and what to eat. No wonder they look fat and flourishing. As the clouds did their gloomiest without, the company did its merriest within. It was rain as opposed to revelry—that is, commendable revelry—revelry that was not interrupted by any startling handwriting on the wall.

We reached the capital city at 3:30, and it was pouring. Some, in fact most of the excursionists, went ashore and paddled around in the puddles to inspect the points of interest, and some ventured so far away as Tumwater Falls, to sustain a fall in their expectations, for but a thread of the cataract remained. At 5 o'clock we made the return trip under leaden, but not dripping, skies; so the decks were more generally filled than on the outward voyage. During the evening an impromptu program was arranged by our genial and inventive friend, Mr. H. L. Sizer, and then the travelers subsided into a quiet, meditative, half-conscious dosing condition, till our arrival at Seattle at 10:30. I know I mut have nodded, for after a moment of unconsciousness I opened my eyes to see smiling faces and twinkling eyes looking in my direction. The even, gliding motion of the steamer through Puget Sound's calm waters must have set me to sentimentalizing, for the germ thought of what follows haunted my uncertain wanderings:

When sunset glows paint all the western sky,
And clouds appear as castle walls ablaze;
When heathery isles in sapphire oceans lie,
And wings of amber flutter through the haze;

When Love's sweet dream awakes to fairer bliss,
And hearts beat high by loftiest hope inspired;
When rippling waves the amorous sunbeams kiss,
And curving shores with passion's tint are fired;

Then let my boat, while Cupid holds the helm,
And whispering breezes blow assuringly,
Dance idly on the sunlit waves that whelm
The doubts that rise between my love and me.
This is no time for action;—as a dream,
Let my boat drift o'er the enchanting stream!

A Notable Fact.

Not only notable, but startling. Of seven hundred excursionists there was a due proportion of men. Of course, the patrons could not be restricted, so there is always the danger of a number of general passengers attracted by the cheap rate, who are not in harmony with the church idea. For this reason quiet mirthfulness on such occasions is apt to be turned into unholy frivolity, and sensitive natures suffer. Then the smokers are pretty sure to be in abundant evidence among even the church people, so that those unpleasantly affected by the weed become the victims, while the offenders continue gloriously unaware of, or if aware, callous to the trouble they are causing. Be prepared to be surprised to learn that out of the entire company of church people **not one man smoked at any time during the whole trip!** I saw three men purchasing cigars at the stand on the steamer, and then go by themselves for their

smoke; but these were strangers who did not mingle with the others; and this is the wild and woolly Wst! No wonder Plymouth Church waited sixteen months to find a successor to the writer who did not smoke. And no wonder that church rejected two or three available pastors, otherwise acceptable, just because they indulged in the questionable habit. Where can this experience of that excursion be duplicated? In mighty few communities! Can you blame me, then, for saying:

If the smoker would be careful as he lights his pet cigar,
To be sure it is a fragrant one, then smoke it from afar!
If he'd stop to think a moment, as he puffs upon his pipe,
There are never any of the unobjectionable type;
If he'd pause in contemplation of his beastly cigarette,
And select a brand to honor a tobacco martinet;
Why then certainly, by all means—you'll excuse my little joke—
With these limited restrictions, let him have his little smoke!

If he will not scent the curtains of his patient wife's best room,
With the odor of tobacco stale as perfume from a tomb;
If he'll keep himself so cleanly that the friends he'll daily meet,
Will not take him for a smoker, as they pass him on the street;
If he'll woo the goddess Nicotine alone in dreamy bliss,
And not ask his wife to press upon his filthy lips a kiss;
Why then, of course, I'm willing, and quite sorry that I spoke,
That the smoker, unconditioned, should enjoy his little smoke!

If when entering a grocery, or yet a dry goods store,
Or another place where smoking is a nuisance; or once more,
If when passing through a rail train, or when in the open air
On a steamer's deck with ladies, he would only have a care
To remember that his pleasure is a poison many shun,
And 'twere better that he ended just before he had begun;
Why then, barring these exceptions, I would not his fun revoke—
Let the smoker feel at liberty to have his little smoke!

And yet I think not only should we speak of others' good,
And lay bare the selfish spirit he has never understood;
There are reasons why the smoker should himself heed our appeal,
For he suffers from the habit, and we're anxious for his weal.
His tobacco-heart is dangerous, his cancer-lip is worse,
His eyes give out, his nerves collapse,—but why should I rehearse?
His manhood yields to tyranny, he's helpless in its thrall.
So I'd like the smoker better, if he didn't smoke at all!

Seattle.

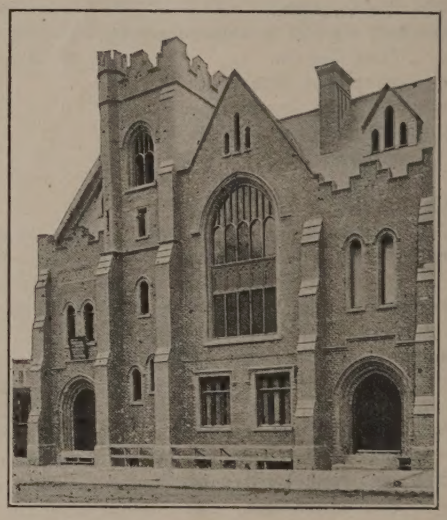
The Rev. W. E. Eckles is working now as a general missionary for the California Home Missionary Society. His work in part is to look after the pastorless churches until such time as some one can be placed in regular charge. He has been engaged for this new work for six months. Should results justify Mr. Eckles or some one else will be continued therein.

A PLEA FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO GREEN STREET CHURCH.

Montreal, Canada, July 20th, 1908.

To Thoughtful Saints on our Pacific Coast:

Friends: "In His Name" read, think, pray, plan and do! I pause in a thoughtful journey to make one of the last pleas in a pleading life for Green Street Church, San Francisco—one of the churches dear to the heart of Christ. This church approaches the home stretch of struggle to finish and equip one of the most useful buildings in San Francisco. Are you weary of the earthquake? You'd be more weary had you been in it. It shook me as if one of Yale's giant athletes had me in his grip. I saw the fire.



I heard the buildings crash with dynamite. I shall feel the quiver of strong personal interest until the glad hour when the representatives of the churches we love rally for a glad dedication. May it not be enough before Christmas to sanctify our holiday gladness and let us turn to our own home and church altars with the inspiration that we can do all things through Christ who strengtheth us. It was the misfortune, not the fault of our heroic friends that the failing bank swallowed up twenty-five hundred dollars of their building fund. Let us share with them if our banks have only bothered and not broken us.

San Francisco is one of the crucial centers of Jesus Christ's campaign against the blasting dominion of Satan. There is not a scheme of the pit which Green Street Church does not war against against forcefully.

A Marine Pageant.

There was fog beyond the Golden Gate when the White Fleet raised anchor to run for the welcoming harbor. On the moist air the coal smoke of the compacting fleet hung heavily. Was it the white fleet we had read of? The ships in the distance looked dingy. Four hundred yards apart they steamed in past crowded hills, black with as orderly and patriotic a crowd as ever a lover of his kind looked on. The sun broke out in radiant glory. The fog was gone. Moistened eyes, glowing with enthusiasm, saw through the diamond lenses of grateful tears that the ships were white indeed, as fancy had painted them. The finest pageant our coast had ever seen, freighted with rich, historic suggestion and regnant with prophecy of gospel good, through a consecrated banner, for all the nations bordering on the wide

Pacific had come to a triumphant, conclusion. Descending that hill of inspiration and observation, weary and thirsty I sought the church of which I had heard that it aimed at large ministry to human needs. Faith was speedily confirmed. Large, clear, well-chalked signs read: "Welcome!" "Free Drinking Water!" "Toilet!" "Rest!" "Refreshment!" I found hundreds had availed themselves of the practical kindness. No money price was set. The hospitality was Christian, not commercial. They were making friends, not bleeding them. I marked Green Street Church high up, as a moral force leading to the best there is in the manhood of San Francisco.

Hinc illae literae!

Dividends.

I want stock in such a work. I say, friends, "Hello!" Shake the box of your celestial telephone. Is not that kind of a church in a crucial, crowded, mixed section of the emporium, out of which many of you have kept that you might have suburban culture and quiet, worth finishing for the glory of God and the good of men who struggle to give San Francisco a fairer name among our American cities? Is it not a next thing, perhaps the next thing, in the line of our Congregational fellowship and progress? Is there a thoughtful reader of our Pacific who will not take a special interest in this Jesus Christ work? The new church walls are fireproof. The form of the building on a lot which has quadrupled in value, the Sunday-school room. the auditorium, which lends itself to Christian song and gospel persuasion, the snug apartments for workers, the strong sun-roof for children's games and classes, the gymnasium which a group of boys clamor for, who are at the age which will soon decide whether they are to be hoodlums or helpers of civilization, are all commendably satisfactory and cry as loudly as mute material can for finish and for use. Brethren, can we not roll away the fog and smoke from Gospel-Captain Walz and let his well-rigged craft shine out on the river of life in the glad light of full equipment, as pictured by the splendid vessels of our navy? The good women of the California Woman's Home Missionary Society dare present this special appeal to the missionary women of our nation, for at the cosmopolitan seaport San Francisco this institutional church may be not only a Bethel for sailors, but for missionaries and citizens of all nations. Remember that the nation's millions did not go to churches, but to blankets for the homeless and bread for the hungry. These are not dilettanti and scholarly recluses we plead for, but servants of the memorable bread lines.

Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the C. C. B. S., Berkeley, Cal., will forward all subscriptions marked "Special for Green Street Church."

Mrs. J. M. Haven, treasurer of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland, will receipt for and forward all sums, little or large, which devoted women on the Pacific Coast or anywhere in the wide world will entrust to her.

Brethren and friends, this appeal is not for the waste baskets. Other important work for dear churches and schools wait for us to clear the track of this blessed opportunity. After your individual duty is done please mark this copy of The Pacific with red, in token of your blood earnestness, and mail it to that friend most likely to sympathize with your intelligent zeal. What Dr. George C. Adams, Charles R. Brown and Editor Ferrier call us to do we may well give heed to, and I but reiterate their pleas. Please, dear Dr. McLean, once more lend your name and practiced leadership to one of the best efforts your financial gift ever tackled. With our gifts let us mingle prayer to God and our kindest words to Rev. and Mrs. Ernest L. Walz, 1021 Greenwich street, San Francisco, for I am persuaded we shall be grateful some day that they came to our California kingdom for such a time as this.

Faithfully,
EDWIN SIDENY WILLIAMS.

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

Thirty-one days we have eyed the calendar with unusual faithfulness; and now we have come to the last day of July. It has been a hot month from start to finish. We have had an occasional day when the heat was not quite so intense as on other days, but the month drops into history with a record that sizzles.

I have just opened a letter from "the Queen of Fresno."

"Hot! 110 degrees yesterday! Just one blister!" writes this perspiring Queen.

"How does this compare with other summers in this valley?" I asked an old-timer yesterday.

"We have often had just as hot weather as this," he replied, "but I do not remember so long a stretch of it without a few cool days scattered along with the hot ones. This has been almost one straight hot spell for a month. Very different from last year. We had scarcely an uncomfortably hot day all last summer."

We hear that story every day. These good people are heroically trying to live on last summer's comfort while braving the heat of the present season. We try to enter into fellowship with them in this, but it is very much like looking at the stove and trying to feel again the comfort that came as the fire gave us of its warmth last Christmas day. It is not easy to draw on the comforts of the past for the demands of today.

Over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada range a cloud-bank hovers day after day, holding the secret of much of our discomfort. Yesterday it started out to see the world, and spread itself over the valley, apparently from the Sierras to the Coast Range; and we mortals panted and perspired, and longed for a blazing sun in a clear sky.

But we have our delights as well as our discomforts here in the San Joaquin valley in the summer. I know of a church here that, notwithstanding the unusual heat of the past month, has had a larger average attendance at the midweek meeting during July than during any previous month of this year. That church is looking forward to good times when the summer wanderers all return, and the work of the fall and winter is well begun.

The telephone bell! A friend rings us up to say, "My thermometer says six degrees hotter today than any day yet this summer." I was beginning to think so. The clouds are spreading out again from the Sierras toward the Coast Range. July is determined to keep the fire burning to the end; but it will soon be August now.

Ah, what is this! The trees are acting strangely! A heavy wind has suddenly swooped down upon them.

"Dust storm!" quietly remarks the good deacon who has stopped for a moment with a basket of fruit on his way home from his fruit ranch.

Sure enough! Here is the dust coming thick and fast, with all the vigor of an invading army. But it is little more than a momentary onslaught. The dust departs almost as suddenly as it came, and here is rain following in its train, cooling, cleansing rain. A brisk storm it is for a little while, and then that part of the pageant passes, and we look

out upon gray skies, and well-soaked streets, and trees with the after-storm wind playing in their branches. July is trying to outdo the splendid pageantry of the Quebec Tercentenary before she gives place to August at midnight tonight.

The telephone bell again. "Do you realize that the mercury has dropped twenty degrees within a few minutes?"

Yes, we realize it. There is some invigorating quality in the air now that seemed to be lacking before the storm. Thank you, July, for the mercy you are showing us during these last hours of your reign for this year.

Tulare, July 31, 1908.

POMONA COLLEGE—TWENTY YEARS.

C. B. Sumner.

The Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching in our institutions for higher education, after a personal inspection of the various colleges in the country, in its late report gives Pomona a high rank among the smaller colleges.

It is difficult for its friends to realize its rapid growth when compared with other well-known colleges very much older, some of them several times its age. Catalogues of 1908 give: Senior classes, Beloit 49, Iowa 45, Carleton 46, Colorado 51, Olivet, 36, Knox 32, Washburn 39, Rochester 53, Miami 48, Wells 34, Pomona 49. Numbers would count for little were the standing low, but no one in academic circles would rate Pomona lower than other colleges in the same class numerically.

Product.

The fruits of the twenty years are various, some tangible, some intangible. The legitimate product is the 300 Christian leaders, "endowed with power," and sent out into the world. Other hundreds who have remained a shorter time have borne away from the college halls of its spirit.

These trained Christian men and women are the representatives of the college in Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, Turkey, Mexico, New England, the Middle States, the new South, the Middle West, up and down the Pacific Coast. They are not only selected workers in strategic places, but they are in strategic positions as well, missionaries, ministers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, heads of businesses, everywhere doing their own work, and also building up character.

The Plant.

Another of the fruits of the twenty years is the plant which is to abide and continue to send out this product of transformed and perfected character in ever increasing measure in unnumbered years to come.

By tabulation can be seen at a glance something of the remarkable progress of its development. For convenient view-points may be taken the end of the first year of the college work, the date of the graduation of the first class, and the remainder divided into two equal periods of seven years each:

	1889	1894	1901	1908
Students, College	3	47	100	296
" Preparatory	52	102	95	163
" Music	55	59	82	140
" Art	0	21	17	28
" Whole body	108	205	285	597
Graduates, College	0	11	26	48
Teachers	6	13	21	36
Buildings	1	2	5	10
Campus	9½A	9½A	12A	90A
Endowment	0	14,227	117,025	281,042
Total assets	$40,000	$100,000	$238,187	$622,080

These figures will bear study. They present in miniature a wonderful history, which should bring to every friend of Pomona College gladness and thanksgiving and brighten his hopes for the future.

The Need.

Studying the situation comparatively great inequalities are discovered in the gains. Assets are not necessarily interest bearing. The interest-bearing funds and practical equipment have not kept pace with the numbers. All the buildings and other equipment at Pomona have to be acquired in a few years while older institutions have accumulated theirs through a history of 50 or 100 years. The result is, the latter have a larger equipment and three or four times the endowment in proportion to their numbers. Nevertheless Pomona has maintained its scholarship and gained an honorable standing. This is only possible in one or both of two ways: either by narrowing the range of studies, or by withholding some part of the equipment and overcrowding the professors. In either case it has definite limits. The last Carnegie Foundation report rings clear and strong on this point. In the long run a college will grade in accordance with its salaries, the proportional teaching force and its equipment. To economize beyond these limits, while possible for a time in a young college in which the maximum equipment is necessary before the income justifies it, cannot fail sooner or later to be injurious and may prove disastrous.

The Crisis.

This is the dilemma: The trustees and faculty from different viewpoints, at the same time, came unanimously to the same conclusion. Accumulating indebtedness, for absolutely indispensable equipment, with interest, and overwrought professors were good grounds for alarm. On consideration the matter was clear beyond a doubt. An advance must be made four times as large as ever before attempted in order to meet the emergency which has become critical. This is the only possible way of avoiding disaster.

Hope.

The shrewdest and most experienced friends of Christian education in the East, stretching their vision across the continent fairly anticipated the friends at home in the realization of this danger and gladly offered assistance. "The college needs more endowment," they say, "more buildings and other equipment; indebtedness for the improvements already anticipated with its interest must no longer impede its progress. Here is $75,000; make it $250,000 and save the prestige, nay the life of the college."

This is the "forward movement" entered upon. It is not an impossible task. The Congregational Church membership in Southern California has multiplied nearly eight times since the organization of the college. The brethren of the Christian churches are equally numerous, and there are many good friends of the college.

LESSONS FROM THE SEA.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for August 16th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Life is like the sea, and our souls are the ships upon it. You cannot see all of the ocean, only a few miles nearest to your ship are visible to you; only the surface reveals a few of its wonders and beauties to you. It is so with life, we know only a small part of it, and that part has great depths which we cannot explore, while out beyond the horizon line the great sea of life still stretches on and on.

One of the most solemn and impressive sights I ever saw was the coming of the fleet into San Francisco Bay. I was standing on the deck of a steamer just inside the Golden Gate when I became aware of a cloud of smoke far away on the horizon out to sea. It was our fleet—nothing but a cloud of smoke slowly moving toward the land. Soon it became not a cloud, but a line of columns of smoke. On and on it came, straight, steady, silent. It seemed to move by the mighty impulse of some mysterious power beyond. We could not speak to it, could not control it, could only wait and watch it come resistlessly, silently, with all the majesty of planets swinging on their orbits through space. Only these planets were manned by our fellow creatures and coming nearer every moment. Soon the masts and then the hulls are visible, the salutes begin to thunder forth, the Connecticut passes the forts, and soon the whole fleet lies at anchor in the harbor.

How solemnly suggestive this coming of the fleet is of the mysterious coming through infancy and childhood of a human soul into the port of manhood and womanhood. The new-born babe, hardly more than a cloud of smoke on the far-off horizon of human life—how like a wrinkled little old man a tiny baby looks, how old and wise he seems, how far away from our humanity. And then as the months and years go by it is like a great ship drawing near the harbor's mouth. Various human characteristics develop. Language comes and the rest of the household talk with the child. Ideas grow and the talk becomes filled with ever deeper meaning. The grandfather lives his boyhood over again with the six-year old. The boy is growing, the ship is almost in the harbor's mouth, and at last the day comes when, a full-grown man, he passes into the harbor of adult life and drops anchor beside his father, strange new soul, akin to the father and yet forever separated from him, bearing the father's likeness, and yet if that father's deepest prayers are answered, a larger, nobler, better man.

I have also stood on shore and watched a ship put out to sea. Out through the Golden Gate she goes, out into the west, with all sails set until at last she is lost to sight on the horizon—and yet not lost at all, only sailing her proper and determined course. And around her still stretches the same blue sea, over her the same sun and stars. To her captain, as he looks back from the wheel, it is the shore that has faded away and sunk beneath the horizon line.

And so it is in our human experience—there comes a time when, ship by ship, we must steer out of the harbor's mouth, out across the sea into the sunset light across that horizon line which we call death. But we have this faith—that the great Sea of Life stretches out beyond the horizon line; that out there on the great deep the sun still shines, and it shall seem to us, as it seems to the captain, that it is the shore line and the ship that has disappeared. And out across the Sea of Eternal Life we sail to find new islands and a brighter continent, but the sea is one and the same stars shine over us at night.

"I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

And so, beside the silent sea,
  I wait the muffled oar,—
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore."

FEEDING OUR CHILDREN POISON.

Francis A. Downs.

In the San Francisco Call of May 3 Mr. Andrea Sbarboro, president of the Asti Colony of Italian and Swiss, is reported to have spoken two hours to more than 100 grape and hop growers in Santa Rosa in support of a plan to organize a campaign for the purpose of educating people to use wine and beer. A committee was appointed to effect a permanent organization of this sort throughout the state. Mr. Sbarboro, according to the Call, said: "Wine and beer are the true preventives of intoxication." We have to organize a campaign of education. We have to teach American mothers to furnish their children as soon as they sit on their baby chairs at the table with a little wine and water at their meals, just the same as mothers living in the grape-growing and wine-producing countries of the world have done for generations past, and where children, becoming accustomed to the use of these non-intoxicating beverages at their table will have no desire for stronger beverages between meals, and thus become proof against intemperance."

This man's name, Sbarboro, reminds me of the ancient Greeks' "Hoi Barbaroi, and whether he be "Barbarian" or not, his name certainly has a "barbarous" sound, and there can be no question as to the "barbarity" of his teaching. His doctrine strikes me as being so absurd that I am really puzzled as to how it should be dealt with. It is very much like replying to a man who has denied that two and two are four. Yet he and his co-laborers seem to be grimly in earnest and are seriously contemplating the task of teaching the American mothers to give their babies wine. I do not envy them their task. With the startling progress of prohibition, with almost every state in the American Union teaching in her public schools the evil effects of alcohol in all its forms, with the great body of physicians standing almost unanimously against the use of any alcoholic drinks, with 13,000,000 Sunday-school scholars and teachers, among whom total abstinence is taught, with the evangelical churches pledged to teetotalism and the great business interests of the country combined against intemperance, the field of effort for the so-called "Viticultural Society" is not very inviting. The conditions are hard, and I am not seriously alarmed. The truth is, **their** alarm is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. A cause must be in desperate straits before it resorts to the methods of the man of barbarous name. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

What is the logic of the doctrine of our Asti friends? Simply this: To keep a man from loving alcoholic drinks teach him to love them. To save a man from the appetite for strong drink create the appetite. If you do not want your boy to smoke teach him to smoke cigarettes. That logic is certainly profound and unanswerable—it answers itself. I wonder those men—senators and others—did not smile, or are they devoid of a sense of humor? There is a reason for the humor—the absurdity—of this situation escaping these gentlemen, as we shall see by and by.

But the man of barbarous name spoke too fast. Facts are against him. He forgets that the world is not as large as it once was and news travels fast. Carefully compiled statistics show that France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Denmark and the United Kingdom lead in wine and beer drinking and also lead in the consumption of absolute alcohol, and that increase in the use of wine and beer means an increase in the use of

spirituous liquors. Germany and England use twice, and France three times as much alcohol (per capita) as the United States; yet the growing economic superiority of the United States is unquestioned. Is there any connection between these two facts? When we come to think that a very large per cent of the alcohol consumed in this country is imbibed by men of foreign names, and then remember that the management of the stupendous American enterprises are largely in the hands of the sober Anglo-Americans, we are still more convinced that the health, wealth, wisdom, honor and happiness of our country does not depend on teaching our babies to drink wine and beer. The American mother looking on the stalwart, sober and honored sons of her own great commonwealth in comparison with the beer-guzzling, wine-bibbing, low-browed foreigner will be slow to take lessons in pedagogy from the owner of the largest wine tank in the world, though his name were twice as long and "barbarous" and his wine tank twice as large. She will be quick to suspect a direct connection, between the sign of the wine tank and the strength of the teaching.

American mothers of common sense know that alcohol in any form is unfit for food, never necessary, and its use is always frougnt with danger. They know that fewer boys go from homes of teetotalers than from homes of moderate drinkers down to the drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's hell. They know their hearts and love their boys, and the barbarous doctrine of Mr. Sbarboro will fall on ears that are deaf, t hough the mournful wail of the bursting wine tank rise never so loud and sad.

What means all this? Does he of foreign name and his co-laborers, with names equally barbarous, and his hirelings—do they care for the American youth? Does their manifest anxiety spring from their great love for the American child, the American home and the American flag? I tell you, "Nay—they have **wine to sell!**" There lies the whole secret. To sell that wine they would deceive the American mother, debauch the American child, break up the American home, dishonor the American flag and send the American citizen staggering drunk to death and hell. What care they for temperance—they are anxious to transmute the contents of their over-filled wine tanks into American gold. They are so blinded by their love for the American dollar that they would pour their vile poison down the throats of infants in the cradle. Away with such teaching! It is the work of fiends more diabolical than the ghoulish robbers of the dead. It springs from a selfishness, pure and simple; so debased that it would spoil the American home of its most priceless jewels in order to fill its own till. Mothers, resent it with all the strength of your pure souls and your strong love. Let the wily foreigner and his servile mercenaries know that we can care for our own homes and children, and least of all will we crush out the lives of our sons on the altars of their lust for gold. Let us organize and wage eternal battle against all such satanic effort. Let us forth to the fight, strong in the strength of God, assured that victory will perch on the banner of purity, sobriety and righteousness, that the effort to debauch the American youth for the sake of foreign wine and hop producers will be completely foiled and its promoters branded with that shame its selfish methods so justly deserve.

The Rev. C. M. De Bois, formerly of Fields Landing, is ill with rheumatism at his home at 2623 Hillgard avenue, Berkeley.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Pilgrim.—The Rev. C. N. Gause has tendered his resignation to take effect after next Sunday.

Oakland, Second.—The Rev. N. C. Smith, who has been supplying for several Sundays, has been called to the pastorate.

San Rafael.—Sunday, August 2nd, four united with the church on confession, two of whom were heads of families. Six others have already sent for their letters.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The Rev. W. R. Bair was in the pulpit last Sunday for the first time for many weeks. Since his return from the East Mrs. Bair has been very ill, and is now at the King's Daughters' Home in Oakland.

Santa Cruz.—Professor D. B. Towner has been conducting a song festival in the First Congregational Church. The meetings have been a spiritual uplift and prove that big congregations can be gathered nightly in the summer. Professor Towner has with him, as organist, Mr. Green, who for many years was with the great song writer and singer, P. P. Bliss.

Manhattan.—Our church at Manhattan Beach has again been remembered by the First church of Redlands or its Sabbath-school by a gift most acceptable, that of a modern pulpit of chaste and beautiful design and very appropriate to its place. A year or less ago the Redlands church contributed to the little church of its interest and affection a communion service, and this later gift cements the relations which have been helpful in so marked a degree to the church by the sea. And another token of kind fellowship should be mentioned, the gift by Mrs. Partridge of Redlands, a Presbyterian member, of a church organ, which was used for the first time in worship last Sabbath, July 26th. For this kindly interest on the part of these friends, Manhattan is indebted to Mrs. Reeves, a member of the First church at Redlands, and an annual visitor with her family at the beach.

WASHINGTON.

Tacoma, First.—During Dr. Ford's vacation the pulpit is being supplied for six Sundays by the Rev. S. M. Freeland of Seattle.

Port Angeles.—The Port Angeles church had the pleasure of having with it last Sunday as pulpit supply the Rev. G. M. Edwards, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle—a former pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have been taking a short vacation at the beautiful lake resorts near Port Angeles.

Seattle, Fauntleroy Park.—A Sunday-school has been organized. The sessions will be at five o'clock each Sunday during the summer, and will be followed by a vesper service. A building will be erected at an early date. A lot has been donated by the land company, and several hundred dollars are in sight for a building. This new enterprise is under the direction of the Seattle Church Extension Society.

MEETING OF THE MINISTERS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY.

The attendance last Monday was the largest at any time for several months.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle, brought an encouraging message from the Puget Sound field, and told how it had been given to him in Seattle to lead not a few young men to solid grounds religiously in this day of "changing foundations."

Washington Congregationalism, Dr. Van Horn says, is thoroughly orthodox in spirit, if not in old-time statements.

He reported a wholesome spirit of encouragement throughout the state, and a substantial growth in matters religious.

The Rev. Edgar Fuller, pastor at Bakersfield, was in attendance at the Monday meeting, and spoke of the growth in Kern county. Although Congregationalists entered that field as late as 1892 they now have more organizations, church buildings and pastors than any other denomination. Largely our Kern County Congregationalism is composed of people who were not Congregationalists originally.

The Rev. Huber Burr, of Weaverville, who with his wife had come for a brief vacation in San Francisco and vicinity, was present and spoke of hearing on Sunday a good, old-fashioned Methodist sermon in a Presbyterian Church in San Francisco by a former Congregationalist. He had attended Calvary Presbyterian Church, and had listened to its pastor, the Rev. William Rader.

Professor Bissell of Pomona College spoke of the work of the college; its status at present and its outlook for the future.

Next Monday will be given to vacation experiences.

JOTTINGS.

After Thirty-five Years.

There nestles in a little vale, quite out of sight from railroad trains, and therefore out of sight, most of the time, from everybody except its own denizens, about four miles from Santa Cruz and one mile, more or less from Capitola, the quiet village of Soquel. It has been there a long time, and the years have come and gone and have wrought but little change.

One who has pleasant recollections of rural centers in New England, going to Soquel, could easily forgoet the years and the 3,000 miles, and feel himself to be "at home" again. The Congregational meeting-house, with its clean white paint and its belfry and spire, devoid of useless frills and gewgaws of ambitious joiner-work; but pointing heavenward, all the same, stands guard over the village in the genuine New England style of sixty years ago, and the people that assembled in it, as I looked upon them from the platform, or spoke with them after service, had the same look of substantial genuineness, of homely common sense, of thoughtfulness and intelligence without any "airs," which I used to recognize in the rural churches of Maine in which I "supplied" in my seminary days. Such recollections, old indeed, but fresh and fragrant, almost made me envy Bro. Pearse his pastoral privilege.

Thirty-five years before, almost to a day, I had stood on that platform and spoken to the people and there had been no visit to them since that day. How good it seemed to clasp the hand of the dear mother in Israel, the sole survivor among the original members of the church, widow of the good man who gave the lot on which the meeting-house was built, and to hear her say that she remembered my visit and me! I was there to plead for our infant Theological Seminary, in an effort to raise $35,000 to place it on its feet and enable it to walk alone. I have many happy recollections of that effort in the cordial welcomes and the ready co-operation of my brethren and the heroic giving of some of our home missionary pastors, albeit, on the whole, it had more of heavy cross-bearing about it than any other undertaking to which God ever called me. But there was no cross to bear at Soquel. Bro. Strong of blessed memory was pastor then. He took hold with me with all his heart—a big heart in a little frame—not only endorsed me to his people, but tramped with me over the hills that people might transfer to the subscription book in their own signatures the pledges made on the cards which were placed in the pews, and searching out those who had not been present at the Sunday service. And so when all was over I went on my way rejoicing.

There were some things, however, new. The electric lights; an auxiliary building substituted for the old parsonage, and far best of all, a live Christian Endeavor Society. I was surprised at the goodly attendance; at the effective leadership, albeit the leader apologized for its defects on the ground that another was to have led, but was detained, and he had no opportunity to prepare. Surprised really, because though the subject for the evening was an unusually hard one, there were no "awful pauses" and no forced and forceless remarks. The greatest surprise of all, however, came over me when I suddenly reflected that not one in five of these people were born when I was last in that sanctuary!

A Unique Entertainment.

It was given at Bethlehem Church, Los Angeles, the home of the unique and unusual. It was entitled, "Babies of the Nations," and was given in and of the Japanese Mission. Of course there was much that was Japanese and the services by the Japanese children, though conducted in a language so unlike their own, I have never seen surpassed by children to the manor and the language born. But besides these there were Russian, Mexican, Syrian, Italian, Assyrian, American, Chinese, Slavonian and American children. Some were babes for whom national lullabies were sung. Each nationality was represented in the national costume, and sometimes in the national colors also. The best and most interesting feature of it all was one not advertised—not thought of, possibly—the "moving picture," that is, the picture in action, of the wonderful work which that church, through its skillful and indefatigable pastor, with his corps of assistants, is doing in Los Angeles. He is ministering to bodily necessities, feeding the hungry; supplying to the tempted some of those conveniences and reliefs which once they could have only by going into a saloon, from which they could scarcely escape without patronizing the bar; running a hotel so that the homeless can have shelter and a bed in safe surroundings; conducting schools for the Japanese and the Russians, and I know not how many other nationalities. Where with the English language for the bait, they fish for men and in teaching what these people want to learn, get a good chance to teach them what, at first, perhaps, they would not care to learn—the truth as it is in Jesus. Sabbath services are conducted not simply at the home church, but in several localities, while through it all—week-days as well as Sundays—there moves the purpose and desire of prayer to lead these people out of darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God.

W. C. P.

W. B. M. P.

The Secretary of Literature will be glad to respond to all requests for missionary literature. She has on hand much free literature. At low cost all the latest and best of the good news from the wide field she can supply promptly. Orders for **Rex Christus** (China), **Dux Christus** (Japan), and **Gloria Christi** (Missions and Social Progress), will be filled at 25 cents and postage—regular price 30 cents and postage.

Subscriptions to **Life and Light** and **Missionary Dayspring** will gladly be forwarded. **Life and Light,** 60 cents annually, **Mission Dayspring** (the children's monthly), 20 cents annually; 10 copies to one address, $1.50. Samples sent on request.

Please address all correspondence to

MISS MARGARET RONALDSON,
944 61st St., Oakland, Cal.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton is off on a trip to Yellowstone Park.

Professor C. B. Sumner of Pomona College is spending a few days at the home of his son-in-law at 133 Alpine street, San Francisco.

THE HOME

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand ships from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might crush another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For wind to waft me on my way.
Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so.
And blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

"THE WHIRLWIND PASSETH."

Benyon stepped back as he was about to pass over the narrow crossing, and the carriage whirled by, raising a cloud of dust on the summer air, the bells on the harness jingling with a sort of triumphant melody; at least, so it seemed to Benyon, and as he wiped the dust from his face and tried to blow it from his shabby clothes, there was a slightly bitter expression on his face. He was a middle-aged man, with stooping shoulders and a care-worn face, while his general aspect was that of the toiler, who had to earn every step of the way. Once he had walked alert with the best of them, and his handsome face had shown no lines, but only the courage and buoyancy of youth.

He had just come out of church, not his own church, however, but one in a village somewhat remote from his own home. He had arisen that morning with the desire to possess his own soul, and had walked by field and river to a village ten miles distant, and arriving in time for service, had turned in. It was not until he was right in his pew that he realized that he had come to the very place he would most have wished to avoid, the church of which Sir John Eastwell was patron, and where he occupied the patron's pew, with his family grouped about him, and the decorous row of his servants behind. That picture spoiled the sermon for Benyon, though he listened with all his might in order to prevent his thoughts or his eyes straying to the Eastwell pew. Benyon did not know the preacher, a man with a strenuous face, but received from him an oddly comforting message. His text was: "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more, but the righteous is an evarlasting foundation."

In its course he referred in no measured terms to the curse of riches unfairly won, and exalted the man who, through a long course of strenuous life, preserves his integrity even at the price of his purse.

Such was Benyon's position absolutely. Once such chance had been his; he had refused it, and he had paid the price. He had been a poor man all his life, occupying an obscure position, not altogether unhappy, since he had a wife who believed in him and a family who respected and loved him. But they had eaten the bread of poverty all their lives, and he had suffered the pang of being unable to give to those he loved the chances they deserved. The man who had grasped the chance of preferment offered to them both in one day was there in the pew of the prosperous man, lord of the manor where he lived, a patron of the poor, a magnate of the county.

The carriage swept by. Two ladies, a young boy, and a middle-aged man (Eastwell himself) sat in it, and when they got to the sudden bend in the turnpike, he rose, and called the coachman suddenly to stop.

"I'll walk home across the Meads, Arabella," he said to his wife. "Don't wait luncheon if I'm late."

She expressed her astonishment at this unusual suggestion, but he did not give any further explanation; and having alighted, signed to the coachman to drive on.

Then he turned back, and walking clear in the middle of the road, met Benyon just as he was about to go over the stile into a footpath which would take him across the fields the way he had come.

There were a few stragglers in sight, walking leisurely from the direction of the village.

Both stopped, as was natural, and it was Benyon who looked embarrassed.

There was nothing he desired less than to meet his old acquaintance, and could he have left the church decently before the service began, he would have done so. Eastwell held out his hand.

"Won't you shake hands with me, George? Queer that we should meet today of all days, and in such a place."

Benyon somewhat limply gave his hand.

"I did not think you would remember me," was all he said.

"We have both changed a good deal, perhaps not for the better," Eastwell replied, with a somewhat hard laugh. "I haven't heard anything about you for a long time."

"You wouldn't," replied Benyon. "I am not one of the men that get talked about. I'm simply one on the ant heap."

"But it's odd that we've never met anywhere. I go to the city every day; so, I presume, do you. Where do you live?"

"At Broadford Green. I thought I'd like a walk this morning, and as the bells happened to be ringing when I got here, I went into church."

"Did you know it was my church?"

"I had forgotten until I saw you come in."

"Odd, wasn't it, that we should sit in the same place and listen to that particular sermon? It might have been con-

cocted for us both. Can't get rid of the beastly words, 'The whirlwind passeth.' I suppose the're prophetic. I'll be passing one of these days, and you'll be left on the sure foundation."

"I don't aspire to be one of the righteous," said Benyon, with a faint, melancholy smile. "The text was a mere coincidence, that's all."

"Ah, I'm not so sure. Say, George, do you remember that day at Rushworth's office, when we were both had in about the Manila business?"

"I haven't forgotten it."

"Where are you going now, and have you any objections if we walk together for auld lang syne?"

"I'm going back to Broadford Green, where I live, and I have no objections to your coming if you wish to."

Eastwell passed through the stile, and they began to cross the meadow together in a kind of strained silence.

"How have you been doing all these years, George?" he asked, after a few moments. "I'm afraid you haven't made much headway."

"Very little. I'm still at Ledbury's, where I went after the Manila incident, and my salary has increased a hundred pounds in nineteen years."

"I suppose you have married?"

The sudden sweetness of a smile which had its mainspring within illumined Benyon's somewhat grey face.

"Oh, yes, and my wife's still alive; she looks younger than ever. She has never failed me. She has made up for a lot."

"Any children?"

"Two, neither of them strong—that is where the shoe has pinched, John," said Benyon, unconsciously dropping into the old name, which had once been so familiar on his tongue.

"You haven't been able to do all you would wish for them?"

"No; one died because we could not afford to send her away for the English winters. The income just suffices when we are all in health. There isn't any margin, yet we manage to live with a fair, even an astonishing, amount of happiness, which will doubtless be a mystery to you."

"It's more than a mystery, George; it's a cause for envy. I have never had a day's happiness since I made that compromise with my conscience."

"Then it wasn't a square thing, after all?" asked Benyon, interestedly."

"No, it was dishonest, and nobody knew better than old Rushworth. Yet he died in the odor of sanctity."

"And you live in it," added Benyon, with a faint smile. "I know of your benefactions to Rood Lacy, the beautiful church we worshipped in this morning."

"**You** worshipped; I sat a miserable sinner, one of the wicked that is going to pass, for instance, like the whirlwind. But I have my whirlwind in my own heart, George, at bed and board. I am not happily married like you. I often curse the temptation that lifted me to a station to which I was never called. Had we remained together chums in Suburbia, as we used to be in our city lodgings, and watched our children grow up together, I should have been a happier and a better man."

"I have always missed you, John," Benyon admitted, touched in spite of himself by the words to which he listened, and which filled him with a great amazement.

"I am glad to hear that; I never thought you did. You have always seemed to avoid me."

"It was better; our ways could not but lie apart, circumstanced as we are," said Benyon, simply.

"Listen, George. I have sometimes been tempted to relinquish everything to go back to obscurity and peace of mind. But as one grows older life becomes more complicated, and independent action no longer becomes possible, or at least easy for us. I have a son in the army who costs me a thousand a year, and a daughter who married the son of an impecunious peer. I allow them fifteen hundred a year. I couldn't stop all that, could I?"

"It would be difficult," Benyon admitted. "But haven't you ever had an opportunity to make the record clean, to wipe out the Manila incident?"

"No, it was the foundation of my fortune. Upon it everything has been built; but I have the odd feeling that I shall not be allowed to leave the world Scot free."

"If you have suffered as you say, you may have thus paid part of the price," said Benyon, kindly.

"I wish I could believe that," said Eastwell, rather painfully. "But I don't. Will you come and see me sometimes, George, or let me come and see you?"

"If you don't mind the small house at Broadford Green, come to us. Lucy will be pleased to see you, and though our home is very simple, it is happy. We try to keep care outside as much as possible."

"I'll come next Sunday if I may. In the interval will you think over my position, and tell me frankly what you would do if you occupied it."

"I could not do anything," said Benyon, quietly. "And it is possible you exaggerate things."

"You didn't think so at the time; you'll remember when Rushworth had us in and explained about the Manila business. If I recollect rightly, you called it a rascally business, and declined to have anything to do with it. Rushworth's rage was a thing to see. He literally chased you out of the office."

Benyon had not himself forgotten any incident or word of that memorable morning, which had marked a crisis in his life; he was therefore not surprised at the accuracy of Eastwell's memory.

"It's a long time ago, and poor old Rushworth didn't live long to enjoy his gains. His end was most tragic."

"As mine will be," said Eastwell, as he stopped short in the middle of the wood.

"Don't say that, John, and try to get rid of this depression. It—it grows on one. I know it from experience. Talk it over with your wife."

Then Eastwell laughed, and the sound lingered long and not pleasantly in Benyon's ears.

"That's the last thing I would do, George; the very last. Well, I must get home to luncheon, and next Sunday, if I'm still to the fore, I'll turn up at Broadford Green for tea. Give me the address so that I may make no mistake."

Benyon looked at him keenly, as he uttered the name and number of his own street.

"May I look in on you in the week?" he asked, suddenly. "I don't find you much changed, but I don't like your way of speech. It isn't right, Eastwell. You can atone in other ways—if you are conscious of the need for atonement," he added, a little awkwardly, for the theme was a delicate one, though Eastwell had given him the opening.

"Yes, come whenever you like; come every day. Lunch with me tomorrow at Simpson's, will you, at one-fifteen?"

Benyon thanked him and promised, and they parted with a warm handshake. They did not meet again. Next day the city was startled by the news that Sir John Eastwell, arriving at his office at the usual time, had in the course of the morning died there, by his own hand.—British Weekly.

Young People

BEDTIME.

As A was sitting fast Asleep,
"It's time for Bed," said B;
C crept into its little Cot,
To Dreamland off went D.

E closed its Eyes, F Fretful grew,
"Good-night," G softly said;
H hurried up the wooden Hill,
I put Itself to bed.

J Jumped for Joy when bedtime came,
K Kissed good-night all round;
L asked for Light, M found the Match,
The land of Nod N found.

O Owned that it was Overtired,
To Pillowland P Pressed;
Q Queried why it was so Quiet
When R Retired to Rest.

S went in Search of Slumberland,
Too Tired was T to stay;
U went Upstairs, V Vanished, too,
And W led the Way.

When X 'Xclaimed, "How Y does Yawn,"
Z with Zest responded:
"Dear me! it seems I'm last of all,"
And tumbled into bed.

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

"I wonder why Sam Darrow is so popular?" said a visitor at the house of a friend of the Darrows.

"I know," piped a little voice; "it's because Sam loves everybody."

"How do you know Sam loves everybody?"

"'Cause he does. Now, there's Jim Blake; his father drinks, and sometimes Jim don't bring any lunch to school. Then Sam divides his lunch with Jim, always. And when the boys made fun of Jim Short because his elbows were out, Sam gave 'em a look that they won't forget in a hurry."

"A look! What would boys care for a look?"

"Well, sir, if you'd seen Sam's look, you'd understand. It was just as if he'd said: 'Now, ain't you 'shamed of yourselves—making fun of a poor little fellow who wears the best he's got?"

"Doesn't that look of Sam's make the boys angry?"

"No, sir; it makes 'em ashamed, and they like Sam all the better for it."

"What else does Sam do?"

"Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you all he does, but he's forever doin' something for somebody. That day Dick Mills got hurt, Sam carried him all the way home in his arms, an' Dick just loves Sam. When Burt Brown broke his leg, Sam went to see him every day; and when Billy Chester was sick, you'd ought to have seen the nice things Sam took him."

Obeying Orders.

Some time ago, during a large fire in a great city, Fire Company 42, with a line of hose, was stationed under a great wall. The men could not watch that wall and at the same time direct the stream of water being hurled into the flames. They gave all their attention to the nozzle of their hose, and let the wall take care of itself.

But a superior officer above them, the chief in command himself, was constantly watching their perilous position. While he darted in and out, giving orders, he always had an eye on that wall.

Suddenly he saw the topmost portion of it begin to sway back and forth, and, jumping into the center of the street, he shouted as loud as he could, in unmistakable tones, "Fall back!"

Instantly, the men, obedient to discipline, withdrew their line and moved back to the opposite side of the street. A moment later the wall came tumbling down, covering the spot where they had just stood.

The incident is one that can be taken into the daily life of every boy. There is a chief who is God, always watching the dangerous positions. In the moment of temptation, He calls out in unmistakable tones, by the voice of conscience, "Fall back!"

Wise is the child who heeds and steps back into the place of safety before ruin overtakes him.

There is no cowardice in falling back under such circumstances. It is the right thing to do, and the warning always comes at the right time. It is then for you to obey just as quickly as did the drilled firemen.

"Fall back" when ordered to.—Boys' World.

CONFUSING.

Wonder what my name is?
I can never guess,
But if someone calls me,
I just answer, "Yes."

Daddy calls me "Sweetheart,"
Mother, "Margaret,"
Brother calls me "Bright-eyes,"
Sister calls me "Pet."

Daddy says, "You mischief,"
Mother says, "You love,"
Brother says, You rascal,"
Sister says, "You dove."

Names that I've forgotten,
Names I've never heard,
Keep me always guessing;
Isn't it absurd?

—Russell Whitcomb.

Steering by Mother's Light.

A very beautiful story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway, with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter,

"although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God, and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by mother's light."—"Sent of God."

Two Clever Boys.

Atlanta, Georgia, boasts of some ingenious and ambitious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work.

It contains over three hundred pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small foot-power scroll-saw, and afterward sand papered and put together with screws and mucilage.

The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in wood.

The clock is fifty-one inches high and twenty-one inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocket knife, and look attractive on the white holly.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of the tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timepiece of which they may justly be proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for other work was not neglected during its construction.—The Boys' World.

PACIFIC SURF.

There's an icy inkling of Behring Sea,
  And a warm whiff from Singapore,
And the brace and the balm of Great Nippon
  In the surf that strikes our shore.

It marshals its might in the wake of the storm—
  It tosses and lunges galore:
Then it breaks in pearls on a sun-kissed beach—
  The surf that strikes our shore.

There's the swing and the swirl of the Hongkong trade,
  And the Lotus of Hindu lore,
And the wild, weird wonder of new Luzon
In the surf that strikes our shore.

It mounts in a maelstrom of ocean, swept
  By the typhoon's royal roar:
But it breaks in pearls on a sun-kissed beach—.. .. ....
  The surf that strikes our shore.

—Rev. C. W. Williams.

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